

of judge and jury, and as long a drop at the hands of Jack Ketch, as Bill Sykes or any other vulgar assassin. The day is, we trust, not far distant when the treating habit will be as dead among English-speaking peoples as the duelling custom, and when the oft-repeated order (of such deadly familiarity now), 'The same again,' will be almost as great a shock to the normal conscience as the opium-eater's 'pious' blasphemy: 'Next Friday, by the blessing of heaven, I purpose to be drunk.' The rapid conquests achieved by the great Catholic Anti-Treating League in Ireland (to which we have many a time referred) is, we trust, the earnest of the success of kindred movements in New Zealand. They would at least teach our young men to say 'No' at critical moments—and in more things than one. And that would be worth more to our male population than all the gold that has been won from all our mines. For, after all, it is virtue that exalts a nation, and not money-bags. And much of personal virtue and of the formation of high character depends on the capacity of saying 'No' at the proper time—and meaning it.

Some Bible-in-Schools Talk

A well-meaning Presbyterian clergyman in Dunedin has been working some thoughts on the Bible-in-schools difficulty out of his system. He favors Bible-reading only (from a Protestant version of the Bible, of course) and not 'religious instruction' being made part and parcel of our public school system. But, like his confreres in the sectarianising movement, it turns out that he really does not want the Bible in the schools at all. What he and they desire is a Thing called a text-book. And the text-book is a mutilated and emasculated caricature of the Bible. It even flings overboard (for reasons that have never yet been either explained or defended) the Virgin-birth of the Saviour of the world, it is packed with unauthorised dogmatic headings and devotional exercises, and was compiled as a manual of 'religious instruction' by a Protestant body which was officially named 'The Royal Commission on Religious Instruction in State Schools.'

The clergyman in question will have nothing whatever to do with taking advantage of the facilities afforded for religious instruction in State schools under the present Education Act. He seems to think it is a waste of useful energy. In this, his view coincides with that of pretty nearly all the Reverend Wearies Willies of the Bible-in-schools League. But as recently as November 1, 1899, a Committee appointed by the local Presbyterian Synod to consider this very question reported that a faithful few among the clergy who had attended to this work 'all report success'; that 'every argument in favor of political agitation is tenfold an argument in favor of "doing what we can" under the present Act'; that if this were done, it 'would be a great success and remove the reproach from the Christian Church that she is not in earnest in the matter', and that 'in twenty years, it is confidently believed, a hearty working of this proposal would alter the very face of the land.'

Our reverend friend believes that 'something must be done.' So do all the Bible-in-schools clergy. But the 'something' must involve no personal effort or sacrifice. So much exertion as they can put forth resolves itself into a political agitation to get their proper work done by State officials at the expense of the general taxpayer. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I believe it will come to this: that if something is not done in the way of affording the children better instruction in the Bible, private schools will be set up. The Roman Catholics have done this already. From the beginning they have been dissatisfied with the State schools. Whenever possible they are establishing schools.' We have heard all this before. If, instead of empty talk, the Bible-in-schools clergy were to follow the example of the Catholics, the education difficulty would be practically

solved within forty-eight hours. And yet we are told that if Catholics do not like the proposed Protestantising of our public schools, 'they must just suffer for it.' The speaker sees 'no remedy' for them. And, in fine, is it not a comical misnomer for an organisation to call itself 'The Bible-in-schools Referendum League,' while, in reality, it does not want a 'referendum,' but merely a plebiscite, and is totally opposed to the introduction of 'the Bible' into the schools? 'Bulls' are not all raised on Irish pastures. And the 'bull' in the title of 'The Bible-in-schools Referendum League' should have a first-prize certificate hung between its horns.

Two Naval Mutinies

History—like the human experience of which it is (or ought to be) a record—has a trick of repeating itself. The great naval mutiny that has seized upon the remains of Russia's fleet and threatened to turn into a full-blown revolution had its close counterpart in the great upheaval of 'the handy man' that for a time menaced the separate national existence of Great Britain in 1797. In those wild and woolly days the 'wooden walls' of England were (according to Lecky and James) 'the last resort of tainted reputations and broken careers. Scapegraces in respectable families, disqualified attorneys, cashiered excisemen, dismissed clerks, laborers who through idleness and drunkenness had lost their employments, men from every walk of life, who, through want of capacity or want of character, had found other careers closed to them, poured steadily into' the navy. Among the recruits were thousands of helpless Irish peasants from the North and West, who were torn from their homes by the illegal violence of 'Satanides' Carhampton, 'without sentence, without trial, without even a color of legality,' during the first phase of the Orange Reign of Terror in Ulster. These heterogeneous elements, however, fused eventually into the splendid fighting material with which Duncan and Collingwood and Nelson faced the battle and the breeze and won such renown as had never before, and has never since, been achieved by the British navy.

But in 1797 things were far from gay with the men who went down to the sea in fighting ships. The careless, dauntless, childlike sailor-man of whom Dibdin sang lived under a savage regime. 'The ships,' says Lecky, 'were often bells upon earth. The pay was miserable. The allowances were inadequate. The lash was in constant use, and in no other English profession were acts of brutal violence and tyranny so common.' As in the Russian service to-day, the inferior quality and insufficient quantity of the food stood in the head and front of Jack Tar's indictment, side by side with the brutal and tyrannical conduct of many of the officers. A revolt was secretly planned. 'It was,' says a historian of the period, 'so perfectly concerted that the whole Channel fleet, on which the security of the English coast mainly depended, passed without a blow into the hands of the mutineers, and it remained in them from the fifteenth to the twenty-third of April, 1797.' Like the Russian naval mutiny, it took place while the country was in the throes of a long-drawn and anxious war. The Admiralty had no choice but to negotiate. Submission was purchased by a free pardon and the concession of the principal demands of the mutineers. Then a storm of doubt and suspicion as to the Admiralty's sincerity passed through the fleet. The mutiny broke out again. Again (this time through Admiral Howe, whom the sailors loved) the treaty was patched up. But, like the Russian naval upheaval, the contagion of revolt spread. It broke out at St. Helen's, and then at Sheerness. At Sheerness it was headed by one Parker, an educated sailor. As at Odessa, he, too, raised the red flag of revolution. Then he sailed for the Nore at the head of four-and-twenty ships, blockheaded the mouth of the Thames, seized passing merchant vessels, and scared the wits out of the inhabitants of the coast towns with the promised terrors of a bombardment.